THE CHIRONIAN

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THE CHIRONIAN

"In Essentials, Unity; In Non-Essentials, Liberty; In All Things, Charity."

VOLUME XXXIII MAY 1917 NUMBER 11

One We Delight to Honor

Our Dean,

Royal S. Copeland, A. M., M. D.

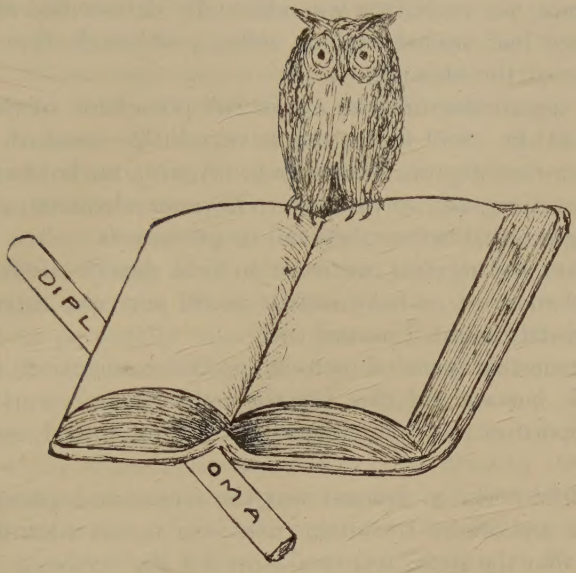
THE entire college, and especially the Class of 1917, experienced a feeling of great relief and gratitude when it became known that the Board of Trustees had refused to accept Dr. Copeland's resignation, and that he would continue to guide the destinies of our college and of Homeopathy.

The study of medicine has changed and advanced with gigantic strides during our four years of college, and we realize that it has seldom been the good fortune of any one class to witness and participate in the installation of so many new methods and ideas. Dr. Copeland has been the motive force in all these changes in our institution, and we feel that we cannot adequately express our appreciation of him as a leader and as OUR DEAN.

Since we entered college the vacant piece of ground on Sixty-fourth street has been made useful, valuable and beautiful by the erection of the Private Pavilion, than which there is no more modern building of its kind in the city. The old college building has been remodeled from roof to basement; the new modern sanitary Dissecting Room and Anatomical Laboratory, the new Laboratory for Pathology, Bacteriology and Biology, a new

laboratory for Physiology and another for Physics, and the magnificent Library! Who but the students can begin to appreciate its comfort, light, silence, and its thousands of volumes of valuable books and magazines? The new Chemistry Laboratory, transformed from a room of darkness and suspicion into one of the brightest, most sanitary places in the building, is not surpassed by the Clinical Laboratory, which has been made the most useful and practical department of the study of medicine. These departments have all been provided with a complete corps of full time professors and instructors. The curriculum of the study of medicine has been materially changed, giving the students much more practical work than ever before, and making the senior year a term of clinical study with only a few lectures to give added interest to the hospital and dispensary work. All these changes speak more eloquently and more permanently than can any words of ours, of the unlimited ability and the untiring energy of Dr. Copeland.

It is indeed rare to find in one man an executive who will deal justice tempered with mercy; an organizer who, by his personality, calls men to work with him; a finished diplomat; a diligent student of men and of books; a physician and surgeon who stands at the pinnacle of his profession and of his specialty; an educator ranking with the best in the world; and best of all, a student, practitioner and teacher of Homeopathy. All this and more it is the good fortune of our institution to possess and with full measure of gratitude and appreciation we present this tribute to him, OUR DEAN, ROYAL S. COPELAND.



Class History

BY

JOHN F. PANGBURN, CLASS OF 1917.

IT was not a bad evening nor was it a bad bunch of boys; in fact, it was a good evening and a good bunch of boys that assembled in the senior lecture room of our college late in September, 1913.

No one, then, even dreamed that the 1917 boys there assembled were destined to form a cloture from which the homeopathic profession would expect guidance. But it is even so, for who denies that truth is stranger than fiction?

This singular fact has apparently been unappreciated until this year, and then only by one members of our faculty, namely, Prof. Mills.

To me the intellectual status of the 1917 boys has been evident from the very start, for as I listened to the address of welcome given to us by Dean Copeland and Mr. Carey, president of the Board of Trustees, I was also picking out my classmates. It was not difficult to spot them, nor was it any more difficult to prophecy

their future, for each face was unusually determined and intent. Providence had smiled on our college, although few were appreciative of the blessing.

Now we are doctors; we are in full possession of the coveted degree—M. D. Still for us this is very little—most of us expect a few honorary degrees before long. Again, our boys are modest and unassuming, and so we hope to have an adequate opportunity of raising a beard before they call us professors.

In class and to class we were on time nearly one-half of the time, and most of us have nearly an 80 per cent. attendance, a most unusual record, I assure you.

It is true that some of us took special examinations known as make-ups, but we did this for the pure love of work and the added opportunity of contributing something entirely new to the subject.

The first event of interest was the freshman-sophomore rush —not the sophomore-freshman rush—for it was admitted before the start that the sophs were too slow for the '17 boys. Roughly estimated about one-half of the sophs were incapacitated for a week, and it was thus we earned the respect of the '16 boys.

With the sophs in the right place we then began to work Profs. Halfman and Jouard, with whom we spent the bulk of our time. We became unusually enthusiastic about anatomy and chemistry, and these professors soon gave up their quizzes and left us to research work or to a quiz master selected from among our own number.

There were none of our boys trying to get away with an Ethiopian ham from the dissecting room, nor were explosions in the chem. lab. frequent. It was reported that Prof. Jouard bought no extra life insurance during our freshman year.

We are fond of our faculty, and so we are reluctant to tell of all the worry and anxiety we have caused them. However, it is a fact that each department, one after another, was obliged to increase its staff, and much midnight oil was consumed in keeping up with our boys.

Finally, we emerged from our lowly place as freshmen, and assumed the burdens of the sophomore year. With our entrance into the sophomore grade the curriculum was elaborated extensively, and so it was we began our labors. Profs. Heitzmann

and McDowell and Lloyd. Many were the hours we spent in Heitzmann Hall listening more or less intently to that austere professor whose imposing countenance commands unsual diligence. From Prof. Heitzmann we learned pathology, the mysteries of disease. He made us write and write and write, and then to write some more, until at last we got writer's cramp and couldn't write any more. We were always glad to see his face, but often wished that he'd get sick and give us a little rest.

We feel as though Prof. Heitzmann thought we had nothing else to do, at any rate Prof. McDowell was so interested in our boys that he personally saw to it that we had no idle hours. It was from Prof. Chas. McDowell that we learned how we wiggled our toes, why an intoxicated man staggered, etc. These and many other mysteries of life were taught to us by Prof. McDowell, whose teaching ability was only excelled by his patience and whose modest, unchanging personality is beloved by all.

Of all the trials and hardships the most bewitching were those encountered with Prof. Lloyd, who lost several times the radiation of Scratchiolet and Willy Sow's tract. But when the strain was greatest Prof. Lloyd would come to the rescue with a possé of apropos.

Undoubtedly the most interesting work of the sophomore year was that of bacteriology under Prof. Ball. It was in the bacteriological laboratory that we learned so much of the culinary art. We became especially skillful in the preparation of beef stew, agar broth and unflavored gelatin, and after six or eight batches of delicate food stuffs had been spoiled by hungry microorganisms we at last secured some bug free culture media.

It was here we learned how Ehrlich catches the spirocheta with side chains, and while we are willing to admit that it is pretty clever, we believe that Unguentum Hydrargyri chloridi mite 33 per cent., is better.

It may appear that all our energies were consumed in the study of medicine, but if so it is more apparent than real. During the freshman year our boys gave a dance or rather a ball held in Heitzmann Hall—attended well by upper classmen as well as by graduate nurses. Again, during our sophomore year an even more successful informal dance was given.

As the months rolled onward so did we, and as juniors, with

such a substantial record behind us, we decided to rest a bit and to follow traditions and precedents. However, a couple of incidents displaying individual merit and class spirit are to be recorded here.

In the spring of 1916, as we were finishing our junior year, a boisterous dental student of the heavy weight class became unduly boisterous. It was long John Laul who knocked him out in a one-sided two-round bout on the campus. Another similar incident occurred, particularly unfortunate and disagreeable to record, still it is only fair that Brother Shaftmeister should receive credit for his valor. Bro. S. is a member of Company M of the "Silk Socks Seventh" N. Y. N. G., and what he did is just this: An insubordinate sophomore forgot his place during a joint junior-sophomore class in Heitzmann Hall and so earned a 15 cent trim. However, Bro. S. was never able to collect the 15 cents, but he did have an opportunity of explaining to Dean Copeland.

As the senior year began so also did our boys begin to show the results of the quiet junior year work.

Not a little advanced work has been accomplished during the last year and a half, which is surely worthy of mention.

Aloysius A. Daly has written a monogram on the diet in health and disease, in which the values, caloric and otherwise, of Schlitz liquid bread and Wilson schnapps are masterfully set forth.

Adolph X. Kramer, while a junior, assisted in the spleenectomy of a dog and has written quite extensixely on the subject. Anyone desiring knowledge about spleens, especially canine spleens, communicate with Kramer.

Maines says that the etiology of erysipelas is alcoholism, and Shear now admits that recovery from erysipelas is possible. Rowell says the best treatment for this disease consists in removing the patient to the roof and of then elevating the foot of the bed with hot water bottles to the feet.

As materia medicists, Dr. High Potency Cummins and Dr. Single Remedy Aguilar are men after Hahnemann's heart. Already these men are refusing cases not elsewhere pronounced incurable. Friends, remember the names of these doctors in the hour of need.

Prof. Chas. McDowell once said that vigorous laughing

is healthy, and J. Franklin Bien, Ph. G., M. D., set about to ascertain the veracity of the statement; but even now Frank has an occasional hordeolum, and so we think he has been too vigorous in his experiments rather than the professor's statement inaccurate.

We have other specialists—one worthy of especial note: Adfur E. Maines, who comes from Jersey City, which in itself would ordinarily rule out brilliancy, but Adfur is an exception, and his specialty is heart troubles. Adfur is clever and he admits it. Undoubtedly he has done more with hearts and heart to heart work in the training school than any other doctor known to the institution.

Now, of course, these individual achievements have been attained through curricula work, but all the time we were working in a most creditable manner.

The mornings have been devoted exclusively to bedside and clinical laboratory work at our hospital. When we entered the wards the nurses and patients alike had an expression of intense delight. It was in the wards we saw how Ferrum Phos., Aconite, Phosphorus, etc., grapple with the pneumococci, and how Merc. dulcis just straightens the spirocheta out.

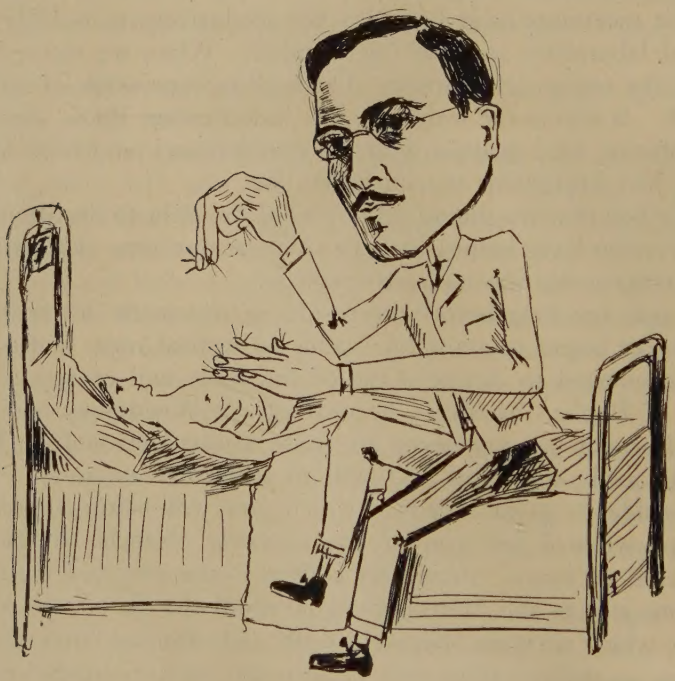
We feel that we should acknowledge our debt to the attending doctors who have helped us save some of our very sick patients by chasing down the indicated remedy.

It was not long before the results of our work in the wards of Flower began to show our value as medical men, and so we were requested to devote some of our time and energy to the Dept. of Public Charities. Accordingly on Wednesday and Friday afternoon we journeyed en masse to the Metropolitan Hospital to lend our brains and skill to suffering humanity. This we consider a great sacrifice, which you will better appreciate perhaps when I tell you of the amazing obstacles to be encountered en route. From our college to the pier and from the opposite pier to the Metropolitan Hospital the distance is about a mile, which we were obliged to walk, and often on bitter stormy days as we walked along that bleak coast we were nearly driven to the water's edge.

Besides all this we engaged in numerous discussions each week with the various professors, such as were formerly known as lectures.

As the national diplomatic situation became acute, manifestations of the spirit of 1776 were found in every class room and gathering, and in this respect we are pleased to give the lower classmen credit, for they were right with us and helped to swell our ranks in a partiotic parade. The boys, with the aid of the lower classmen, purchased a huge "Old Glory" for our college, which is indeed a great object of prize and pride.

Well, we are leaving our college in a better condition than we found it, and in due time we will cast fame and fortune upon it, and so as we leave we have no regrets.



The Chironian

The monthly Journal of the Alumni Association of the New York Homeopathic Medical College and Flower Hospital.

THE CHIRONIAN COMMITTEE

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EDITOR

E. R. Eaton, B. A., Class of 1919

The Editor is responsible only for opinions expressed in editorials.

EDITORIAL

College Spirit

THOSE alumni who graduated twenty or more years ago are wont to complain of the absence of an enthusiastic college spirit among the students of the present day. It is, however, a debatable question whether this alleged absence of spirit is not in reality present, but manifested in another manner, and hence less visible to the casual observer. In the early days of the College the preceptor system was in vogue, so that the new student felt more or less at home, even before his arrival. He had been previously made acquainted with the conditions he was soon to meet, and he was usually well grounded in the homeopathic faith. He accepted, as a rule, that which was told him, without question or criticism, because his mind had previously been moulded to a receptive state. The smaller number of students naturally induced more general and intimate acquaintanceship, and the latter was fostered not only by the existence of the Hahnemannian Society, which held monthly meetings, but also by the greater amount of leisure time which was at the dis-

posal of the student. The curriculum of those days was delightfully simple when compared with the rigid demands of the present course, and but three instead of four years were demanded of the aspiring medics. If anatomy and physiology could be passed, the rest was easy and really required comparatively little effort on the part of the student to master. Time for recreation was, therefore available and college life meant more than a dull grind.

To-day much, if not all, of this condition is changed. The demands of the modern curriculum are severe and require constant attention. The number of subjects to be studied has multiplied enormously. Bacteriology and pathology are no longer contemplated in facetious vein, and the multiplicity of specialties which are really seriously taught is surprising to the man unacquainted with present day requirements. Hence, constant application on the part of the student, to his studies, leaves little opportunity for the cultivation of that demonstration of loyalty so desirable in any college or institution of learning, and only possible where ample time is given for social intercourse in the student body.

Another obstacle to the expression of this spirit is the fact that many nationalities are represented among the students of the College, whose mental attitudes towards American collegiate traditions are extremely variable.

Again, it may be said that, to the medical student of to-day, the business of acquiring an education which shall qualify him for his life's work is grim indeed and nothing can be permitted to interefere. Yet, on the other hand, even though the boisterously vociferous enthusiasm of twenty years ago is lacking today, there is evidenced to those who look beneath the surface a silent determination on the part of the large majority of our students to profit by the undoubted advantage offered them in obtaining a broad medical training and a special training in homeopathy. There is also shown an intelligent appreciation on the part of the students of the earnest efforts which are constantly put forth by each and every member of the faculty and which denote an *esprit de corps* among the members of the teaching force which is unmistakable and which augurs well for the future of the College.

R. F. Rabe, Class of 1896.

The Senior year of the present Junior class will begin Tuesday, June 12th, 1917, and will end January 16, 1918. The work of the first semester, from June 12 to Oct. 1, will be bedside and clinical. That of the second semester will be didactic, with some bedside and clinical. Students who cannot be present during the summer will do their first semester's work from Oct. to Jan., and their second semester from Jan. to June.

The work from Oct. 1 to Jan. 16 will, therefore, be done by both sections together. The summer-fall group will be clinical and bedside work during the summer. The fall-summer group will do the clinical and bedside work from Jan. to June. Both groups will have all the didactic work at the same time (Oct. 1 to Jan. 16.) The class of 1918 will, therefore, have two graduation days. Those who cannot be present during the summer are requested to notify the Registrar immediately.

H. R. Barrows, M. S., Registrar.

CLASS PROPHECY

Painless Piffles of a Pernicious Pill Prescriber

BY

ARCHABALD K. BENEDICT, CLASS OF 1917.

WE will ask your indulgence, kind readers, and travel with us from the realms of realism to the doleful domains of dreams and witness the weird and woeful wanderings of our cavalcade of chaotic yet celebrated classmates.

The days of initiative incubation are over and we would not consider it inopportune to impose for your ingestion this inocuous yet idiotic impression:

> Hemostats and carved up cats, ether cones and bones,
> Plaster casts, normoblasts and dying patients' moans,
> Epsom salts and graveyard vaults, cancer cells and toes,
> Tuberculin and dry gangrene annihilate repose.

After leaving these salubrious surroundings, their delirious

dramas will extend from the cloud-wrapped cliffs of Colorado to the miasmic marshes of Mississippi, while some will naturally nestle in their nascent nihilism in nearby nefarious New York. While some may climb to the coveted cliffs of celebrity, we see others have the misfortune to mount only to the mediocre mission of midwifery, we must all bear in mind that our most meritorious mission is to minister to the misfortunes of man.

We will first travel with our President, Cummins, to the calm, cool climes of California, where he has become celebrated through the circumambient cities for his high potency hypothesis. We see him surmounting the summits of success and surely succeeding in curing severe cases of cystitis with the centesimal potencies of colocynth.

Linger a moment and rest your lurid lamps on our laughing loquacious Lyman. He has succumbed to the compensatory charms of the curb, and is practicing medicine only for pastime.

Bashful, boasting Barnard and ambitious Aguilar, our speedy, solemn and sage-like scientists, have, after many years of rudimentary research, finally succeeded in eliminating erythromelalgia from the etiology of erysipelas, and are making profound cures with powerful potencies of podophyllum.

We have followed Spence, the Familton, in his furious and fruitful forages in foreign fields. We find that he has been fortunate, due to his faculty of fooling the faithful folk, concerning his faint and fragmentary familiarity with femurs, fibulas, fractures and fremitus. Furthermore, we find that he never fails to forsake medicine for the fair, femininity, foulards and foyers. But we hope he will cease these fuliginous frenzies and apply this fragmentary familiarity to further his fertile faculties and fulfill our fancies by becoming a famous physician.

Aloysius, the drowsy, delinquent Daly, is now director of dermatology, where the mulatto maidens minister to the moanings of mankind. We expect that before many years he will disseminate his drastic and dogmatic documents on dermatology and donate this dramatic ditty to the deserving doctors that they may diminish the displeasure of these dreaded and disagreeable diseases. We must desist from pronouncing the doxology on this desultory doctor until he has divulged his second doggerel, which proves without a doubt that liquid diet will don the domain of

superiority, and that we will dread the day when we must drop the Doelger from our diet.

"Jimmy" Boyd, the bonvivant, with his buoyant bonhommie sloughed from our midst into the passively congested upstate, made his primitive streak up the varicosed road, the main aorta of Hornell's travel, and here opened a sac lac dispensary and speculum manipulatory, and has here hibernated, vegetated, educated and pifflicated (at not infrequent intervals), and has finally become heralded as the human dilator of the place.

Baron Bien, the hectic histologist, has forsaken the pursuits of pharmacy and is now hibernating in the happy hamlet of Newark, still endeavoring by his energetic efforts to stop hemorrhagic conditions of grunting guinea pigs by accurate amounts of adrenalin.

Rowell has replaced the writings of ℞. by riotous roamings in his racing roadster over the remote roads leading to the roadhouses and other rendezvous in the environs of Stamford. This retrogression will run its race and with retrospective reasoning he will revamp his remorseful soul and be rehabilitated in the ranks of remedy readers.

Sans-succi Skladzien, scaramouch Schafmeister, Sedulous Sengstack and methylic Maines, the quenchless quarternary, are seen scouting the country with their vaudeville show and patent medicine vending outfit, and rapidly becoming bankers from the proceeds of their sale of Penetrating Pellets for the Pernicious and Alleviatory Acousticons for the Aged. We must enter. The scene shows us entering the palace of the Lilliputian Lord of Levity. When once inside we take a firm grasp upon our seat in anticipation of the impending allegorical avalanche. When the Moguls of Mirth arise and open the flood gates of their infinite and inexhaustible reservoirs of rhetorical rhapsodies, the metaphorical maelstrom heralds us with relentless force whither it will. Scintillating shafts of wit follow volumes of pathos. We hear one minute blood curdling peals of mephistophelean laughter re-echoeing from the pits of perdition, and the next the alluring anthem of the angels on the shining shore. Their adventitious anecdotes and recherche reminiscences would soften the inimitable physiognomy of the fabled sphynx into a cherubic smile. When their hour of lingual legerdemain is over, we beguile our dia-

phragm from its state of chronic spasm, make a mad dash for the open and seek solace by sucking in great gulps of the results of the combustion at the distal extremity of a Chesterfield. (Don't know what they're selling, but I'll take another bottle.)

We see some of our sombre, yet skillful scientists, still wending their weary way to and fro from these Halls of Homeopathy. Earl of the Wood, and Roscoe of the Teahan family, our proud pretentious and panetella proportioned plasmodia are managing to mete out in a methodical but meritorious manner to these morose masses meagre mutterings of materia medica, while wiry Willie Williams and Prudent Pangburn have formed a close corporation and are pursuing the paths of pathology, pointing out the probable prognosis of pseudo-myxoma.

Aggressive Almer, the amiable apostle, is aiming with arbitrament to add to our apex apparel the analeptic application necessary to apprehend the appearance of approaching alopecia. While buckish Bailin is beginning to befriend the beetle heads of the Beau-monde and is beseeching them to banish their barmecide, bedaubed beautification for his balmy befitting belladonna for bilious blotches.

Ballasting Bretzfelder, the bouncing bone breaker, is bravely bedecking Brittle Brothers with burly buxom bodies by brutal bombardment with bemusing bastinado.

Paul B., of the Jenkins family, our one time jubilant, jovial and jolly jabberer, has at this juncture, by his judicious judgment foresaken the jaunts of his jagged career and joined those in the endless chain of the pursuit of science. Already, in our judgment, his treatise in the medical journals on the effect of jaundice on the jejunum have had justification, for who can follow in the spheres of the unknown without reaching the realms of the ridiculous.

Winsome Weinmann, the wizard of wisdom, in whom we witness the wrenching of wretched wrinkles from many a wrought-up wry face by weak but worthy work with Wolfsbane, is now a warm-hearted whelk-warper of worth.

Zornow, after leaving the seances in this sanguinary sarcophagus of science, piloted his passage to Pittsford and soon became known as the undisputed and unchallenged champion pollutor of the pristine purity of the Ambrosial atmosphere. He

will soon reach the zenith of his zigzag career, and will spend his time—not basking in the warmth of the midnight sun—but by loquacious love making in the balmy zephyrs of the zoological garden. After proving that the propounding of pills is not profitable, he is now directing his zeal toward the zones of zymurgy.

Shear, the Skeptical, our rampant roentgenologist, has left the riotous ranks of the celibate and is cuddling in chimerical contentment with his nuptial nurse in remote Rochester. His acrimonious aspersions and corroding condemnations during his abstruse attacks of satanic sinusitis are still being following by beautiful benedictions.

Between practicing pharmacy and prescribing pellets, Morvillo, the meditative member of our memorable mob, has made much money, and is now whiling away a few weary weeks in seaside seances with droves of deceptive damsels.

Otto Heinecke, the one-time, is now spending his halcyon hours hobnobbing with the Hindoos We do not know why this hale and hearty humanitarian should fall hostage to such hosts but we hope that before long, he will hasten home and hoist his hautboy to the harmonious tune of Homeopathy, and when the pickle plant becomes problematical he may pursue the profitable pastime of propounding pills for pale patients.

Cherubic Cohen and his concordant cohort Colliss have condescended to conclude their confabulations and confine their conjuration to connect the consanguinity of the cerebral cortex with costiveness and a conspicuously curtailed configuration.

Egotistic Elkind and Equitable Ebenstein are endeavoring to enrich the enthralled by elegant elucidation, and are engaging the enmity of the epitomists with their enthusiastic endeavors on the erosion of erratic epitheliomata.

Goldberg, Goldinger and Goldstein. After graduation this garrulous gang began to "generalize" in the gentle art of gastronomy. We hope that by gentle guidance, they will garnish their geliditic brain with these generalities, and after germination will give these gross glimmerings to the growing generation.

But we lament for these languid and lascivious latitudinarians —Laul, Lechner and Lieberman. We must be lenient with these lopharios, for we learned only lately that they have launched to the leeward, and by lustrious labors have lavished upon the lethargic laymen latent lessons on logorrhea.

We fain to finish our felicitation of this ferine flock without finally filing a few flourishing flings at forlorn Fisher; his fertile fishings for fabulous fortunes have failed, but we find that he is flourishing under the same skillful science.

We must not forget to mention that another heterogenous horde has founded a second hall of homeopathy. It is only in embryonic existence, but we would suggest the name knowopathy in honor of the famous and far-sighted faculty consisting of Kotin, Kraemer, Kovinski, Kranz and Kapner. We trust that they may kindle a kind and kindred feeling with the Alma Mater, and each work for the progress and prosperity of homeopathy.

Still others of our chaotic cohorts of classmates claim the chair whose chief care is in the cheerless chamber where the cadavers are carved and cogitated. Ward, our sardonic satellite, and somnambulistic Snyder stroll in at stated season and, with sonorous, but spasmodic speeches, announce the abnormalities and anomalities in anatomy.

Saffon Schultz, Saline Smigel and Salatation Sternberg are scampering with scantiness and scathlessness to apply their scatteringly sciolism of scrambled scholarship to further the secret salvation of sibilant socialism.

Belated Brooks and Henchman Hirrschoff are now engaged in the profitable pursuit of delayed diagnosis and are now corporals in the front rank of this department.

Before we close this doleful ditty we must express our gratitude to the resigned readers who have borne with us through our doleful dreams. We beg of you not to blame or blaspheme us for these babblings, for our benumbed and befogged brain has in imagination fought the battles of all our band of beloved brethren, and while we have bedecked the pinnacles of prosperity with some and others have mounted only to mediocrity, we trust that all may overcome the odious and obscure obstacles and with clear vision recognize the opulent opportunities, and with Homeopathy as the beacon light, press onward to higher and better things. But still, as we sit on the brink of this babbling brook of dreams and breathe the balmy breezes we see the sinking shadows of the setting sun close about us and

"The lowing herds wind slowly o'er the lea,
And leave the world to darkness and to me."

In Memoriam

Senior

Much Wisdom — Big Head
Brain Fever — He's Dead.

Junior

Exams Stumped Him — Hopes Fled
Heart Broken — He's Dead.

Sophomore

Worked the Microscope, 'tis said
Bugs Got Him — He's Dead.

Freshman

Milk Scarce — Not Fed
Starvation — He's Dead.

A One Act Drama

ENTITLED

"The Tail of the Pancreas"

Rendered by the Dramatic Club of the Guinea College.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

O. P. Ium ..... The King of the Drugs.
Bella Donna ..... His Daughter.
Ann T. Toxin ..... His Wife.
Bilious Nes ..... The Hero.
Calo Mel ..... His Hated Rival.
A. Malignant Tumor ..... The Villain.
Toxic Substance ..... The Cause of the Trouble.
Bacteria ..... Always Around and in the Way.
Phagocytes ..... Their Sworn Enemies.

Play produced by Albolene & Argyrol, Inc.

Stage Manager ..... M. Bolus.
Master of Properties ..... Ery Sipelas.
Electrician ..... Al. K. Hall.
Wardrobe Mistress ..... Mrs. Penny Royal.
Musical Director ..... Professor Py O. Salpinx.

Costumes by Typhoid Mary.

Scene I.—Drawing room of O. P. Ium's summer residence on the banks of Hunter's Canal.

Scene II.—A. Malignant Tumor's office in the Gas House Tenements.

Scene III.—Chapel of Down & Deep, Undertakers and Embalmers.

Music by Broncho-Pneumonia Orchestra and the Ilio-Tibial Band.

1. March of the Lymphocytes.
2. Waltz—"Pseudo-Leukæmia."
3. Ballad—"Tabes Dorsalis," by Bella Donna.
4. Duet—Angina Pectoris, sung by A. Malignant Tumor with chorus of Bacteria.
5. Dance—"On the Crest of the Ilium," by pony ballet of eight leucocytes.
6. Grand Finale—"Hallux Valgus," by the entire company.

Class of 1917

J. Rolley Almer

Born, 1893, in New York. Graduated Townsend-Harris Hall, 1909. Interne Kingston Avenue Hospital, N. Y. Board of Health; College of the City of New York three years.

Almer is an unassuming modest little fellow who says little, and that's just why we like his coming to us during his last year. He has adapted himself to his work and classmates in a commandable degree. We wish for him success as a "homeopathic" practitioner.

Fernando Aquilar

Born in Vera Cruz, Mexico. Studied three years at the French School in New Orleans; Regent's Certificate, New York State. Lying-In, 1916.

Aquilar has been termed the orator of the class. He seldom speaks, but when he does, he is well worth listening to. We are told Aquilar is an efficient violinist, having studied under Nitke; he has been connected, in an editorial way, with several newspapers, and has travelled through the United States and Canada. A brilliant prescriber, he has been called the "Modern Hahnemann" and we are pleased to learn that he has received the appointment of attendant to the Medical Clinic of our dispensary.

Maurice A. Barnard

Phi Alpha Gamma.

Alias "Nellie, the Cloak Model."

Born Lima, N. Y., 1894; Graduated Pittsford, N. Y., Public School, 1909; High School, 1913.

Nellie is the model man of our class, both in shape and in morals. His morals are slightly impaired at present, but his shape is undisputed. His long and frequent intervals away from our midst and in regions unbeknown to anyone are still a mystery to be solved. However, we are hoping against hope that his guidance is only of the best. He is champion scow propeller of Ward A, and manipulator of the cellulitis utensils of the emergency room. His rapidity at diagnosis and lightning-like execution of treatment frequently stimulates awe among us. He was Treasurer of the Senior Class; member of the CHIRONIAN Committee. In the summer of 1916, he was substitute interne in Rochester Homeopathic Hospital. The summers previous to this were spent on the dear old farm. He took his maternity work in the New York Lying-In Hospital. Appointment, Rochester Homeopathic Hospital.

Archibald K. Benedict

Phi Alpha Gamma.

Alias "Kewpie," "Bennie," "Night Prowler."

Born Sherburne, N. Y., 1893; Graduated Sherburne High School, 1911.

Before coming to college, Bennie has had a very checkered career. He has been everything from a barber to a professional base ball player. After entering college, variety has still always been his. He was assistant in the chemical laboratory, secretary of the Sophomore year, Senator of the Junior year; during the summer of 1915, he was interning in the Alexian Brothers Hospital, of Elizabeth, N. J. Received his obstetrical training in Lying-In Hospital of New York City; summer of 1916 was assistant in bacterial laboratory at Flower. He is a sergeant in the Hospital Corps of the 9th Coast Artillery, N. G. N. Y. We shall always remember him for his handsome face and ever present witticisms. His judge of beauty in the opposite sex and his popularity with them is unsurpassed. He is a hypnotist of rare ability. We expect him some day to be a distinguished army surgeon. Member of CHIRONIAN Committee. Appointment, Medical Corps, U. S. Army.

Frank A. Bien, Ph. G.

Phi Alpha Gamma.

Alias "Baron," "Cactus."

Born Newark, 1887; Graduated Newark Public Schol, 1900; Graduated St. Benedict's College, 1904; Graduated New York College of Pharmacy, 1909; Attended New York University two years.

Baron is our guinea pig fancier and greatest exponent in heralding the merits of adrenalin. His experiments with animals have been very extensive and his efforts have proved fruitful. He is well known for his soft melodious voice and hesitancy to enter into another's private conversation. "Cactus" is a member of the team of Bien & Benedict, hypnosis artists, Bien usually being the goat. About college he has been the utility man, serving in capacities of laboratory assistant and custodian of the Italian pigs. He received his obstetrical training at the New York Lying-In Hospital; substitute interne Jamaica Hospital, 1916-7. Baron was always a good student and his outlines of "Mills" were always of the best. After serving his appointment at the Metropolitan Hospital, he will return to "my home town" somewhere in Jersey.

Karl B. Bretzfelder, M. D.

Phi Delta Epsilon.

Alias "Bretz."

Born New Haven, Coon., 1891; New Haven High School, 1909; Philadelphia College of Osteopathy, D. O., 1912; Jefferson Medical College, M. D., 1916; Ptolemy Fraternity, Æsculapius Medical Society; New England Club; Wooster Lodge, No. 79, A. F. and A. M.; Jefferson Medical College Alumni Assn.; Interneship Grace Hospital, New Haven, 13 months.

Dr. Bretzfelder's past is so voluminous that very little space is left to say very much about his individuality. Here's a man who was discontented with the one-sided education which was afforded to him in an old school college and we are very glad, indeed, that he has chosen our college to finish his medical education. Though he was in our midst but one year, we have found him to be a perfect gentleman and a man of profound scholarly attainments and we are confident and happy to send him forth from our Alma Mater to champion the cause of true medicine, viz., Homeopathy. Here's good luck to you, Dr. Bretzfelder.

James Raymond Boyd

Alpha Sigma.

Alias "Jimmy."

Born, Middlesex, N. Y., 1892; graduated Cazenovia Seminary, 1911; Hahnemann Hospital, New York, 1916-17; CHIRONIAN Committee, 1917; Sophomore and Senior Class Secretary.

"Jimmy," as he is affectionately termed by his classmates, is best when tickling a "Sonata upon the ivories of a Baby Grand." A devoted disciple of Samuel Hahnemann; a good student, without being a "greasy grind;" a loyal friend and classmate, he rightly deserves the popularity accorded him by all regardless of creed or sex. His keen sense of humor provided him the post of "Sport Editor" of this present senior number. His "columns," all will agree, are second only to those of the Saturday Evening "Post." We wish you well, Jimmy. Good bye, good luck, God bless you.

Arthur E. Brooks

Born Washington, D. C., 1889. Townsend-Harris Hall; 2 years at Howard University; 1 year at Columbia University, New York. Associated with Dr. E. P. Roberts, of New York, during the summer 1916.

Brooks is a lad who deserves a great deal of credit. Not only has he held down a night position during his entire four years at Flower, but he has supported a family as well. He is a good student, and we hope when he enters practice his difficulty of selecting the "right potency" will no longer annoy him. He has received an appointment at the Provident Hospital, of Chicago, Ill.

Daniel F. Carmody

Alpha Sigma.

Alias "Daniel."

Born Feb., 1887, Albany; graduated St. Joseph's Academy, Albany Medical College, Ex-'14; Phi Delta; Interne St. Mary's, Passaic; Essex County Hospital; Riverside Hospital; Health Dept., N. Y.

One of the Irish twins, Dan could never understand why they always put two glasses in front of you when you order shrapnel. Albany Medical College taught Dan his first three-quarters of medicine. The college was all right, but the town was not quite large enough for proper generalization, so here he is with us. Dan's two chief occupations are practicing castanetting with a Mexican Dollar (.5 of a mill real money) and an obstetrical ready reckoner pocket piece; and teaching Cohen to pronounce "equation" with the V silent.

Herman Cohen

Alias "Kid Fœtus;" "Abe."

Born Russia, 1890; Graduated from Townsend-Harris Hall, 1909; 2 years, College of the City of New York; Clinical Clerk, Flower, 1916; Maternity Course at Lying-In Hospital; Appointed Central and Neurological Hospital.

Abe came to us in his Junior year and at once wormed his way into our hearts. He did it by pulling at our sleeves, which we appreciated by hitting him over the head with our elbows. Abe is bright and more than makes up for his size by his profound knowledge of the ways of men. He can give an excellent answer to a question even when he knows nothing about the subject. Abe has only one enemy in the class and that's the one who hid his light lunch of some 2,000 calories the other day. We feel sure that Abe will some day rise to be a big man in the profession. If nothing else will bring this about, pituitary extract may.

S. Colliss

Born in Russia. Educated in the Hebrew Talmudical Seminary; High School of Pittsburgh. Attended Albany Medical School for three years; Beth Israel Hospital, one year; Night Superintendent Jewish Maternity, 1 year.

As Colliss came to us during our Senior year, we have not had the opportunity of seeing him at his best.

Fremont Alister Cummins

Alpha Sigma.

Alias "Al" and "Walrus."

Illinois and the year 1893 are responsible for the birth and childhood of Al. California needed him, so at the age of 12 he took his family with him and settled in Pomona, where he graduated from High School in 1911. The next two years were spent in and about the U. of S. C., in various capacities. We hear it from reliable sources that he attended nearly 80 per cent. of all classes. He made his S. C. in Rugby two successive years. He has the distinction of being the only man in the class who has never had a serious battle for the reason that everyone knows better than start one. His guiding ambition is to emulate the teachings of Hahnemann and attain a figure like Dr. McMichael. He returns to California to practice. Freshman Senator; Senior President; President of the Alpha Sigma.

Aloysius A. Daly

Phi Alpha Gamma.

Alias "Al."

Born New York City, 1885; Graduated New York Public School; Attended Fordham Prep. School four years; Attended Fordham Medical College two years; Entered Flower, 1915.

Al has always been an all around man (around everywhere, but college); he is one of Ireland's proud sons. For several years he has graced the public in the capacity of traveling salesman for a New York drug concern. He is a politician of quite extensive reputation. He has served successful terms of office as secretary-treasurer of the working girls' union and the chorus girls' sorority. Along Broadway he is known as a "Tango pirate," but if the truth were known his activities along this thoroughfare have been mostly exerted in places where the arrangement of the furniture furnished only a resting place for an elbow and a foot per capita. With all his weaknesses, we like him and will never forget him. Appointment, Lincoln Hospital, New York City.

Simon H. Ebenstein

Sigma Alpha Mu.

Born New York, 1893; Graduated Commercial High School, Long Island College Hospital, 3 years; Lying-In Course at Long Island College Hospital. Entered Flower 1916.

Ebby came to us in his Senior year to study homeopathy and we hope we have converted him. He is a splendid student and shows profound knowledge in the art and sciences of medicine. Ebby is a good looker and is there with the ladies. We understand that a pretty nurse at People's Hospital is out after him. Look out, Ebby, she may get you yet.

Barnet Elkina

Phi Delta Epsilon.

Born in Russia, 1894; Graduated from Stuyvesant High, 1912; Entered Flower, 1913; Jewish Maternity two months, 1917.

Barney is the brightest of his class and he admits it. He lamented the other day, "All the great men are dying and I don't feel well myself." Barney is of a theoretical mind and thinks that practical knowledge was invented for the dunces only. However, he is a good fellow and we all like him and wish him success.

Robert Spencer Familton

Alpha Sigma.

Alias "Spence."

916 71st Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Born Jersey City, June, 1892; Erasmus H. S., 1910. Made his E. in foot ball, track and base ball. Long Island College Hospital two years; Phi-Delta.

Came from the fastnesses of Long Island in the middle of our Sophomore year, with a good working knowledge of KI and digitalis, which, in some circles, is considered enough to cure most ills or, at least, enough to obviate any computation about charging real money for the prescription of the above. Spence has taken the similia with unusual application and is getting results. Except for an encounter with Eberth-Gaffkey in the fall of 1916 and a feud with Dr. His, of hysterectomy fame, Familton's sojourn here has been relatively uneventful. Personal habits: soft collars, newspapers, ginger ale, and blood transfusions. Spence goes to Brooklyn with his preceptor following a service in Flower Hospital.

Jacob S. Fisher

Phi Delta Epsilon.

Born in Austria, 1888; Graduated Austrian Public School; 4 Classes in the Real-Schule; Rhodes Prep. School, New York; Lying-In Hospital, summer, 1916.

Fisher is a good student and an excellent practical man. He shows his ability in applying his knowledge to whatever work he has at hand, and we feel sure he will make good. Fish also is a diplomat and one never sees him study around college. This is to fool the public and to be able to say he doesn't study, but "there ain't no such animal,"—as a matter of fact, if you were to walk past his home any morning at one A. M. you would see the figure of a man, head in hand, bent over his books, outlined on the window shade; THAT'S FISH. We all like Fish and will miss him and his quaint and peculiar method of questioning everything. We have yet to see him accept a statement as such, without a "yes—or, but."

Philip M. Goldburg,

Phi Delta Epsilon.

Alias "Admiral."

Born in New York City, 1891; Graduated Clinton High School, 1910; Long Island Hospital College, first two years; Entered Flower in his Junior year; Lying-In Hospital, summer 1915; Served in Washington Heights and Rockaway Beach Hospitals. Appointment, Washington Heights Hospital.

Phil has shown great nautical talents on terra firma, hence we termed him the "admiral of the Swiss Navy." He has been trying hard to organize the forces of our college, but all in vain, since very few yielded to his dry programme. At present he has but one follower, namely, Bailin, with whom he frequently has confidential conferences at the Colonial Theatre. We hope that Phil will soon forego his delusion and come to the logical conclusion that to be an admiral one must have ships and that ships must have water.

Charles C. Goldinger

Phi Delta Epsilon.

Alias "Cupid;" "Cutey."

Born New York, 1893; Newtown High School; Maternity Course at Dr. Hill's Maternity Clinic; Interneship at Central and Neurological Hospital.

Cutey didst not change in all the past and canst not alter now. Cutey hasn't much to say, but we always know he is here. Through the fostering influence of Bill, he now knows the difference between soda water and tea. Cutey is the Vernon Castle of the class, or thinks so. We understand he attempted to take Far Rockaway by storm, but reports don't tell how he succeeded. Cutey is very original in many of his ways. Just at present he is deeply interested in stocks and bonds; telephone and chicken stock being the most interesting. Cupid's favorite quotation is "water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink."

We HOPE he will be an ornament not only to the dance halls and society, but to the medical profession of Honolulu as well.

Samuel G. Goldstein

Alias "Goldie."

"Please make it nice."

Born in Roumania, April 25, 1891; Graduated from P. S., 1902; two years at Roumanian Gymnasium; came to U. S., 1905; graduated from Eron Prep. School, N. Y. City, 1912; Maternity Course at Lying-In Hospital, 1915; Interneship at St. Mary's, Passaic, eight months; City Dispensary of Newark, three months.

"Goldie" is one of the most enthusiastic men of the class, constantly on the lookout for an interneship or broken eye-glasses. He is never idle and if he will be but as busy in his practice as he was during his college career, success will be his lot.

Walter Heineke, Ph. G.

The CHIRONIAN Committee having made several efforts in good faith to secure from Walter Heineke the data needed to fill up this space has given it up as a hopeless and thankless task. Always on the wrong side of the fence, this "brother," true to his name, resents giving any information regarding his age, previous education, etc. Having here the unspoken statement of his age as seen in his photo, we will leave it to our readers to interpret from the features the degree of education attained. Life is an attitude, and an attitude is the point of view. Walter! For heaven's sake take a new hold on things and learn anew what altruism means. Enforced dignity never did get anyone anywhere. Neither did pessimism ever pay. Go hear Billy Sunday and learn that little ditty, "Brighten the corner where you are," and, incidentally, teach it in a nice manner to others.

Ernest Hirschoff, Jr.

Born, Dresden, Saxony, Germany, 1880; prepared at Newark Public Schools; Newark Preparatory School and Newark Academy. Completed Sophomore year in medicine at George Washington University.

Carrying with him all the greatness and gentleness of a patriotic American. Maternity Course taken at Lying-In Hospital of New York. Hirschoff has during his time with us applied himself closely to his studies and to Goldstein, and for that reason we do not know his many faults.

Paul Butler Jenkins

Alpha Sigma.

Alias "Jacobs;" "Pink Cheeked Youth."

139 Main Street, Binghamton, N. Y.; born Binghamton, Nov., 1893; graduated Binghamton H. S., 1911; Ex-Michigan, '14; Freshman President; Sophomore Vice-President; interned at Hahnemann, New York, fall 1916.

Writing this obituary is a job. So much could be truthfully said of Paul that these few lines will be almost too inadequate to print. He has the faculty of collecting more of any one thing than anybody else. He never could understand where the time goes between going to bed and 9 A. M. He tells us that he just gets covered up and barely warm when suddenly daylight breaks, the alarm goes off and he finds himself trying to get dressed. Paul goes from his Flower appointment to Binghamton, where he will take up practice with his father, G. H. Jenkins, M. D., N. Y. H. M. C. and F. H., 1889.

Zodok Kapner, D. D.

Born in Slutzk, Russia, 1883; Graduated Rabbinical Seminary, 1904; came to U. S., 1909; Lying-In Hospital, summer 1915.

Reverend Kapner is a quiet and unassuming man; truly a man of God. It was while pursuing his religious work that he noted that his task would be a thousandfold more valuable if he could minister to the body as to the soul. He forthwith took it upon himself to study medicine and though he has continued in his capacity as a rabbi throughout his entire medical course, yet he has found time to devote to his studies and to make good. We extend to him our heartiest congratulations and send with him our best wishes for success.

Joseph Kotin

Born in Russia, 1893. Joe was educated in Brooklyn Public Schools; Graduated Eastern District High School; Long Island Hospital College, one year; Lying-In Hospital, summer 1916.

Kotin is an illustration that good things don't always come in small packages. He represents both quantity and quality. He is a big fellow, with a big intellect. He came to us in the Sophomore year, but we soon found out his worth. Kotin is not only a brilliant and truly intelligent student, but is exceptionally well-liked by his fellow students and the professors. A man of his type cannot fail and we are happy to wish him success.

Abraham Kovinski

Alias "The Spy."

Born in London, Eng., 1893. Received his education at Boys' High School, in Brooklyn; spent 3 years at the Long Island Hospital College. Took his Maternity Course at the Lying-In.

Sorry we do not know Kovinski better than we do.

Adolph S. Kramer, B. Sc., Ph. G.

Born in Vilno, Russia, 1887; spent 5 years at the Gymnasium; took his Ph. G. at the New York Institute of Pharmacy, 1908; B. Sc. at the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, 1911. Member of American Chemical Society and the Chemical Society of the Polytechnic Institute. Lying-In Hospital, 1915. Interne Eastern District Hospital, Brooklyn, 1915. Captured the first Trustee Prize for first three years' work.

Kramer is of a scientific trend of mind and has been applying his knowledge in the proper directions. He has done considerable experimental work, both on animals and with drugs, and has succeeded in settling several mooted questions. We hope he will continue the good work and that we may hear more from him in years to come.

Julius Kranz

Sigma Alpha Mu.

Born in Brooklyn, 1893. Townsend-Harris Hall, 1912; College of the City of New York two years. Long Island College Hospital, 3 years; Dr. Hill's Maternity Clinic. Entered Flower in Senior year.

The best thing that happened to Jule was his coming to Flower. He has been with us but one year; has made many friends and we are sure he will make a good doctor.

Adfur Eddy Maines

Alpha Sigma.

Alias "Ad."

306 Second Street, Jersey City. Born Saugerties, N. Y., Jan., 1894; Jersey City High, 1911; Penn. R. R., 1912-13; Treasurer Junior Year; Interne Hudson Street Hospital, summer 1916; Hahnemann Hospital, New York, spring 1917.

When Ad first came out of Jersey he bore the accustomed frightened air of one who has long dwelt in a waste place. Long of hair, ruddy of face, we looked upon him with some suspicion; such suspicion, however, only lasted a couple of days, for you "can't keep a good man down." Ad rapidly won his way and whoever hears anyone say an unkind thing about him now? It can't be done. Except for a tilt with "Dinny" in Junior Materia Medica, he would surely be one of the first four in scholarship. Ad's biggest accomplishments, namely, singing and fighting, were developed on the P. R. R. and in Jersey City, respectively. Appointed to Hahnemann Hospital for June, 1917, and with a future in Jersey as bright as he is.

Giuseppe Morvillo, Ph. G.

"Mya bigga brudda Sylaves."

Born Naples, Italy, 1877. Entered University of Naples, after being graduated from High School in 1893. Came to U. S. 1907. Graduated from Brooklyn College of Pharmacy, 1913. Lying-In Hospital, 1916. Appointment at the Italian Hospital, New York City.

Morvillo is a bit older than most men of the class and has passed his years of foolishness. A gentleman and a scholar, he has been of great assistance to us on many occasions, both as an interpreter for his native tongue, and as a "consultant." Morvillo never came to school without a text-book of some sort, through the pages of which his eager eye ran almost constantly. He has received an appointment at the Italian Hospital.

John Laul

Born 1894; graduated Newtown High School; took his Maternity Course at the Lying-In Hospital; held a substitute Interneship at the St. John's Hospital of Long Island City.

John came to us from the wilds of Elmhurst, in 1913, and has been one of the pluggers. We have found him a good worker and a congenial fellow. His spare time is spent in 'bus riding for the St. John's Hospital, or in burning up the roads in his little Maxwell. After an interneship at St. John's Hospital, Long Island City, John will take up practice in his "native" town. Good luck to you, John.

Benjamin A. Lechner

Sigma Alpha Mu.

Alias "Don Juan."

Born in Austria, 1892; Educated in N. Y. Public School, Evening High School, City College, one year; Albany Medical College, two years. Entered Flower in his Junior Year. Was in charge of the Out-door Department of the Jewish Maternity Hospital for 18 months. Substituted in Lebanon Hospital.

"Behold, the man with the beautiful moustache." Ben does not want to admit that he is the best looking chap, but he knows it all the same. Don Juan is quite a lady's man and this assured his success as a doctor, since his specialty will be obstetrics and gynecology. Ben has also some bad qualities, viz., he is a good and conscientious student and a congenial fellow.

William Lieberman

Alias "Proctologist," "Plug."

Born Brooklyn, 1895; Graduated Jamaica High,1913; Long Island College Hospital, 3 years; Jamaica Hospital, 8 months.

Bill seriously contemplated putting von Bonnewitz out of business and we fear he may succeed. He came to us to study homeopathy, but found that he was more fit for proctology. In fact, he fits in everywhere.

Harold C. Lyman

Phi Alpha Gamma.

Alias "Hal."

Born Utica, N. Y., 1892; Graduated Utica Free Academy, 1913.

Hal is the Wall Street member of our class. When his activities on the curb do not interfere we usually found him about college, volunteering his services to the needy and teaching them a little about medicine. No doubt, if the college authorities had but been put wise, the faculty would have been dismissed and he would have been given their chairs. He is always prone to be silent and his advice or judgment is very difficult to bring forth. His financial dealings have educated him to talk in large numbers. In spite of this, he is popular with all. He was class senator of the Freshman and Sophomore years; president of the Junior Class and vice-president of the Senior Class. His obstetrical course was taken at the New York Lying-In Hospital. He will serve his interneship in the Utica Homeopathic Hospital, after which he will practice in Utica.

John Wesley Pangburn, Ph. G.

Alpha Sigma.

Born, Rensselaer, N. Y., 1893; Public Schools of Rensseuaer; High School of Rensselaer; Ph. G., Albany Medical College, 1911; Kappa Psi Fraternity.

Jack, as he is sometimes called, John as he is more often known, is one of the conscientious students of our college. Always ready to help initiate his fellow classmen into the deep mysteries of the healing art, he has exerted an influence of helpfulness that will long be remembered. "All work and no play" has not made John a dull boy. He has not let it. Besides being a good student he is a good fellow, and at times breaks forth in bursts of laughter that are as hearty as they are infectious. In the days that are to come we shall expect from him some contribution to Homeopathy that will bring honor to the class of 1917. He carries with him the well wishes of all. Appointment, Flower Hospital.

Max Pensak

Phi Delta Epsilon.

Alias "The Wanderer."

Born Austria, 1892; Gymnasium, three years; Medical Student's Certificate, New York; Lying-In Hospital, 1916.

Max is our wanderer. After starting at Flower, Max suddenly became possessed of the wanderlust and wended his way to the University of Oklahoma, where he finished his Sophomore year. Then, like a prodigal son of ancient lore, he came to his old home and has remained faithful since. He is an excellent fellow, a good friend. If he does not lose his head over some fair suffraget in Trenton, he will make good.

John Recca

Alias "Reck."

Born New York City, Nov. 13, 1892; graduated from Trinity Church School, 1910; attended Trinity College, Hartford, Conn., and the College of the City of New York, 3 years; entered Flower 1913.

John is one of those quiet fellows, who spends most of his time in the library. He has a large number of friends and is always ready to extend a helping hand to some fellow-student who finds himself in difficulty. John has also received an appointment at the Italian Hospital, of New York, after which he will enter into practice, which, we hope, will be very successful.

Rodney Rowell

Alias "Row," "Doc."

Born, Stamford, Conn, 1893. Attended King's Salisbury and Stamford Prep., 1913.

Coming from Connecticut, his natural antagonisms are among the Irish. Home Rule for Ireland is his special hobby. In debate his arguments are so forceful that they repel without recoil the onslaught of even as vehement an orator as Doc. Daly. After a heated discussion with the aforesaid gentleman, the two may be seen strolling leisurely to the corner of 63rd St. and First Avenue, where they part the best of friends.

John Franc Schafmeister

Alpha Sigma.

Alias "Schaff;" "Gazinter."

Ossining, N. Y. Born Meriden, Conn., June, 1891; Fordham Prep., 1910; Fordham University, Ex-'15; Foot Ball F. in 1912; Private 7th N. Y. Inf. N. G.

Here is our champion "sleeper." John has been known to fall asleep walking to college, and is even reported that Morpheus once captured him at the height of one of Dr. Mills' tragic portrayals of a case of glandular fever he saw 19 years ago. Speaking of nerve, Schaf. has it. He tells them all where they get off, regardless of size. In the summer of 1916, he showed the real stuff when he enlisted in the 7th and went off to Mexico. Either the air down there, or the annoying insistence of the officers, affected John deeply, for when he came back he had lost much of the old impetuosity, but in its place he has developed a quiet, genial regard which truly gives him a place in the van of regular fellows. After serving a short interneship, he will enlist on the medical staff of the U. S. Army.

Michael M. Schultz

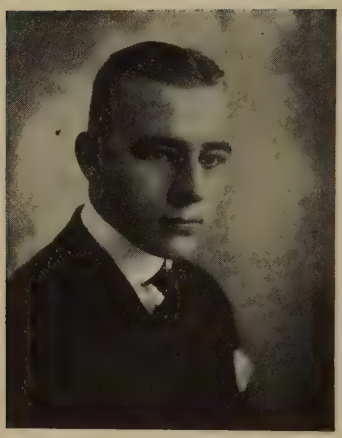
Phi Delta Epsilon. City Lodge 408.

Free and Accepted Masons.

Alias "Mike."

Born New York City, 1889; Attended DeWitt Clinton High School, 3 years; Graduated Westerleigh Collegiate Institute; Entered Flower in his Freshman year; Served in the Volunteer Hospital, 4 months; Dr. Hill's Maternity Clinic.

Mike hails from Wall Street, where he was the junior partner of some great financier, probably J. P. Morgan. His great desire to become an M. D. brought him to Flower, for which we are grateful. Mike is misunderstood by some, but those who know him appreciate his sterling qualities and his undisputable abilities. He is a genial friend and fellow. At present he is displaying great skill and knowledge as a physician and surgeon in the Philanthropin Hospital, where he is a resident physician. Who can tell, but that he may in the near future vie with the great Mayo brothers?



John Louis Sengstack

Alpha Sigma.

Born Brooklyn, March, 1894. Graduated Tivoli, N. Y., High School, 1912. Columbia University, 1912-13. Phi Kappa Sigma. Freshman Crew, No. 3. Poughkeepsie Regetta, June, 1913. Clinical Clerk, Flower, summer 1916.

The first time we saw Louie he was telling another Fresh, "a brand new one with the music." He hasn't missed a day since. You can always hear someone asking, "Lessee now howzat one 'bout the Old Sea Crab go?" and Louie always knows. Everybody keeps himself amused during dull hours by thinking up a parody on what Louie thinks is a pretty word, namely, "SENGSTACK." To date the best that has been done is "Slip-stik," "Sneck-snack," "Hempf-staengl" and the like. As a tribute let it be said that just calling him names is the worst we can do to Louie for we haven't a thing "on him."

Harold Edson Shear

Phi Alpha Gamma.

Alias "Watson."

Born South Beach, Conn., 1894; Graduated Ocean Grove High School, 1912; Interned Hahnemann Hospital, Rochester, New York, summer 1916; Senior Senator, 1917.

Shear is the X-Ray artist of our class. His profuse imagination undoubtedly is an asset to him in his work. He has been assistant to Flower X-Ray laboratory during 1916-17. "Nellie" is his chief prey and his great delight is found in elaborating upon the misguided steps of the said "cloak model" and endeavoring to lead him back to the straight and narrow. His vocabulary field covers a broad area and is more distinctly brought out by his coveted attacks of sinusitis. Harold has, during his college course, acted as a physical instructor and teacher at the John Hall Memorial. He will serve his interneship at the Hahnemann Hospital, of Rochester, New York. Acquaintances made there during the summer of 1916, however, quite necessitated his return to that city.

Joseph O. Smigel

Phi Delta Epsilon.

S-m-i-g-e-l, Doctor.

Born New York City, 1893; Graduated DeWitt Clinton High, 1911; Lying-In Hospital, summer 1914.

Next to homeopathy we like to listen to him discuss socialism and the high cost of collar buttons.

How does he fare with the fair sex? Well, it is hard to answer this question, but we understand that he intends to remain an old bachelor.

Roscoe William Teahan

Alpha Sigma.

Alias "Ross."

Mechanicsville, N. Y. Born Claremont, Mass., 1893; Arms Academy, Shelbourne Falls, Mass. Graduated Mechanicsville High, 1913.

Ross is an extremist in two ways; one in height, the other as a basso. In both he leads the class by a mile. It took us a long while to get through Roscoe's stern exterior to the wholesome good fellowship beneath, but once done it has been worth the effort a thousand times over. He has proven himself a "regular" in every respect. As a worker you can't beat him. He has been a physical instructor and teacher at the Johns Hall Memorial all through his course and that alone brings out one big quality, "tenacity." He goes to Montreal for his interneship and then comes back to the good old U. S. A. to practice.

M. Sternberg

Born Austria, 1887; educated at Gymnasium of Austria; P. S. 74 of Brooklyn and Boys' High School; Manhattan Maternity Hospital; 1 year at Long Island Hospital College; entered Flower 1912.

Sternberg has kept pretty much to himself during his time here and we do not know very many of his personal traits. We can say, however, that he is a hard working and conscientious student, for which he deserves credit. He has an appointment at the Central and Neurological Hospital on Blackwell's Island.

Philip Tiktinsky

Alias "Tick."

("Blessed are the meek.")

Born in Russia, 1891; Came to the U. S. in 1906; Entered Flower 1913. Had his Maternity Course at the Lying-In Hospital, of New York.

Tick is a man of sterling qualities, a friend, indeed, with a smile and a cheery word for all. Work is his motto; Success is his goal. As the wolf is comforted by its howl and the philosopher by his epiphonema, so is Tick relieved by the expectoration of a sentence. Great in soliloquy, untalkative, yet wishing to talk to someone, he rids himself of the difficulty by talking to himself. The method of his work should some day class him among men who are making medicine the profession it should be.

Leo. J. Ward

Phi Alpha Gamma.

Born, Gloversville, N. Y., 1893; Attended Public Schools at Gloversville; Graduated from Gloversville High School, 1913.

Ward has gained a reputation among us for his would-be sarcasm and his fondness for long hair. He has always been a hard worker, both in and out of college. His vacations have been spent as a railway train inspector. During the year of 1915-16 he interned at the Laura Franklin Hospital for Children. In the emergency room he was side-partner of the "speed marvel," 1916-17, and has become very proficient in manipulating a submarine. Leo has heretofore been classified as a woman hater, but procedures of late would strongly indicate the contrary. "When they fall, they fall hard," is a truth very applicable in his case. Appointment, Metropolitan Hospital, N. Y. City.

John Weinmann, Jr., Ph. G.

Alias "Winey."

Born Brooklyn, 1891. Eastern District High School, Ex-1908, New York Prep., 1912; Brooklyn College of Pharmacy, 1911. Entered here, 1912. Interne Central and Neurological Hospital, summer 1916. Member CHIRONIAN Committee, 1917.

"Johnny" is especially noted as an example of phosphorus in the 6th. He tells us that "the stuff will grow hair on a duck egg." If you don't believe it look at his head (not that it is by any means an egg). When we first knew him his pate was the exact prototype of an onion, but the growth he has now makes Fay Williams and Bill Snyder gnash their teeth with envy. Johnny is another boy that we had trouble getting to know, but, now that we do know him, everybody classes him as a darn good skate and a "wit" dryer than a sermon. He goes to Hahnemann Hospital, of Rochester, New York, for his internship.

Earl LeRoy Wood

Phi Alpha Gamma.

Alias "Shaner."

Born Chester, Pa.; Graduated Barrington High School, Newark, N. J.; Cornell University, 1913.

Shaner is our panetella shaped dignitarian and would-be politician of the class. His shape is undisputed, but his politics usually unsuccessful. Dignity with him is a religion, which, of course, puts him in a class by himself, even if it be "pseudo." He has learned to play golf—'nuff said. Earle was elected president of our Freshman Class and vice-president of the Sophomore Class. He has served in various capacities about the college, principally as assistant in the clinical laboratory. He received his obstetrical training at the Lying-In Hospital of New York. He is a so-called "sofa-puncher" and a bear with the females. After serving his interneship in Cumberland Street Hospital, Brooklyn, he will favor the inhabitants of Jersey by his presence among them.

Frank Fay Williams, Jr., B. S.

Phi Alpha Gamma.

Alias "Doc."

Born in Canton, N. Y., 1888; Graduated Canton High School, 1908; Graduated St. Lawrence University, B. S., 1912; 'Varsity "L" in Track and Foot Ball; Instructor in the Physical Education Department of the Horace Mann High School, 1912-13; Member Alpha Tau Omega Fraternity.

"Doc" Williams is our eminent pathologist and a firm believer in high potencies. It is said he at one time even discovered pelvic epithelia in a specimen of coffee taken from the students' dining room. Due to his subnormal proportions, he was seriously injured in one of the meal hour rushes in the dining room and was forced to seek another hash dispensary. In accordance with this, he was forced to accept a March appointment in Flower Hospital and we now see a great improvement in his avoirdupois. He received his maternity training at Lying-In Hospital and was there hailed as an obstetrician of rare ability. . Fay was ever a diligent student and was very deserving of his appointment to Flower.

Frank Zornow

Phi Alpha Gamma.

Alias "Otto."

Born Pittsford, N. Y., 1893; Graduated Pittsford High School, 1911; Following year was spent in Post-Graduate Work in the same school; Rochester University, 1912-13; "R" Man in Base Ball; Phi Epsilon Fraternity of Rochester University.

Otto has brought to us each fall the glow of the farm, where he has spent his summer vacations. He has become known as the "pickle king" senior partner in the firm of Otto & Heinie, Inc. His laugh (if it can be termed that) is a revelation and once heard can never be forgotten. His greatest failing is in the hands of the opposite sex, for whom he falls at the least provocation. He is famous for his strength and Barnum & Bailey are bargaining for his services. His profuse labial adornment and his knowledge of materia medica are indications for success, which we feel sure will be his. Appointment, Rochester Homeopathic Hospital, Rochester, N. Y. Frank Zornow, president of the Phi Alpha Gamma.

Peter W. Skladzion

Alias "Pete," "Murden."

Born Meriden, Connecticut, 1893. Graduated from Meriden High School. Entered Flower, 1913. Alpha Sigma Fraternity.

Pete is small and quiet except when he is telephoning to one of his numerous lady friends, and then we understand that less than an hour's conversation is considered just a word. He has been right on the job in his school work, and his interest led him to serve as clinical clerk at Flower Hospital during the summer of 1916. After interning at Cumberland Hospital he expects to enter practice with his brother in Meriden.

William J. Snyder

Alias "Bill," "Sny."

Born "somewhere in Jersey," date, sub rosa. Alpha Sigma Fraternity. Entered Flower in 1912.

It has taken about three years to get acquainted with Bill. I don't know whether it was because of his quiet disposition or his dignified, intellectual look, but the real acquaintanceship has been well worth the time and energy expended. After his graduation he goes to a well merited appointment at North Hudson Hospital.

A. Ossip

Alias "Corpse."

This distinguished looking citizen of the great city of New York and fellow member of the equally distinguished class of 1917, was projected into our midst from a medical college in Brooklyn called by name Long Island. After a process of adjustment that is not yet completed "Corpse" is being reconciled to his surroundings. Homeopathic doses were at first hard for one accustomed to the more crude drugs of Materia Medica. Patterning after his friend Smeigel he soon discovered that being a good homeopath was not poor policy. During the lunch hour when all the rest of the boys were eating lunch Dr. Smeigel and "Corpse" could be seen reading together in the library. It was said of them by their friends that they were studying homeopathy. But we know better. Isobel Steinway's "Birth Control" and Brouck White's "Why the American Dollar Is Shrinking," were what they were reading.

Modern Anatomy

BY

DANIEL F. CARMODY, CLASS OF 1917.

ONE NERVE THAT DRS. GRAY NOR HALFMAN NEVER KNEW AND NEVER WILL KNOW, THE THIRTEENTH CRANIAL NERVE.

The uvulo-hepatic. This nerve is one of simple sensation to the uvula and liver. Its deep origin is from the red nucleus situated exterior to the wall of the valve of Viesiuvius, near the base of the corpora quadrigemina. Its superficial origin is through the foramen of Winslow on the posterior surface of the uvula, where it is continued as a prolongation of the dura. As it passes through the foramen of Winslow, it presents a gangliform enlargement, which receives all fibres of the nerve, the piniform ganglion. There are three filaments which arise here from this nerve; one a primary filament, arising alongside of the posterior tibial artery, near the crus cerebri and passing up the under surface of the renal capsule, to supply the lower part of Poupart's ligament. A median filament which arises at the junction of the spheno-palatine ridge and then passes upward and backward through the mastoid and is imbedded near the promontory of the sacrum. The third or last filament starts at the glenoid cavity and takes a winding course through the anterior belly of the gastrocnemius, and runs further down and imbeds itself in the sartorious bone. Each of the first two branches of filament on their exit from the skull supplied all the muscles of the abdomen, including the recto-sphenoidal-hippocanthus. They are about ½ cm. in length. The last on its course along the under surface of the sigelian cartilage, gives off a few small filaments of little account to supply the middle turbinated muscle. At the cauda medulata, they form a fine plexus sending off ramifications and collaterals to keep up the blood supply of the spermatic cord, as well as the palmar surface of Poupart's ligament. The plexus, as it surrounds the internal auditory foramen, helps greatly with the supply, both motor and sensory, of the inconian arteriosus unum.

This nerve has some historic value worth mention, as it was first discovered and tested by Hippocrates, who died while trying to prove its origin. It was later taken up in the early seventies and recognized by the medical congress in Holland by Galen, who was an ardent follower of Vesalius, and to whom we are indebted for the discovery of the third filament or branch, which is also called the Galenic branch. It was discovered accidentally by this anatomist while at work in the laboratory. While handling long pieces of iron pipe, he struck his assistant a sharp blow over the head. To his great surprise he found that the assistant felt the blow, and becoming immediately unconscious, traced the pain down the cord, discovered the exit of this filament at the end of the cauda equina and over to the liver, where the pain immediately ceased, and on further investigation he found the end of the nerve buried under the pyramids of the kidney.

THIS WEEK'S BILL.

CEREBELLUM, THE GREAT.—In the most astounding of balancing feats. He comes to us with the reputation of having withstood all tests. This week as a special exhibition of his greatness he has challenged that Mammoth Destroyer, "The Pallid Trep," to exert all his powers to disturb his feats.

B. EBERT AND GAFFKEY in some whirlwind dancing, straight and eccentric.

U. ROE TROPIN, the brilliant pee-anist of international fame. He will play an excerpt from his own sublime opera, "Retention." This masterpiece brings out in a remarkable way the agonies of a soul in bondage, straining, tugging at its imprisoning walls, almost despairing; then in the finale in hilarious joy we witness the delivery, we hear the rippling waters, all in peace.

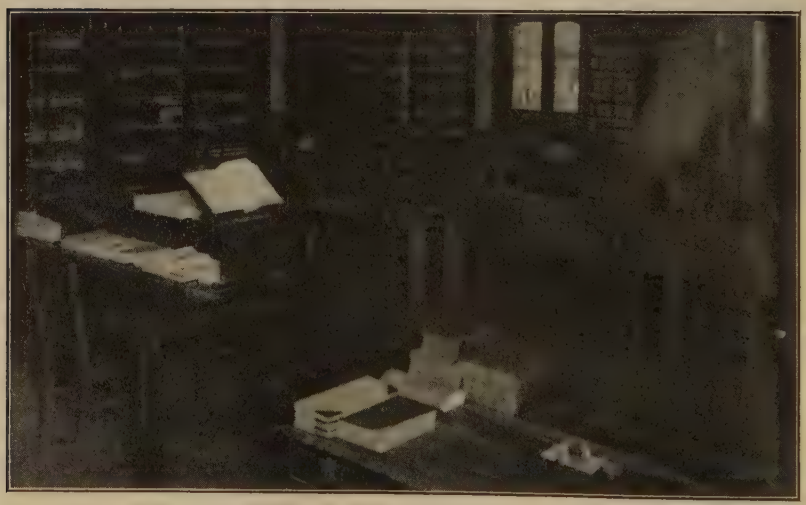
Reflections and Well Known Sayings

BY

JAMES R. BOYD, CLASS OF 1917.

Aquilar—O'er the serious things he pondereth much.
Almer—"I know polio when I see it."
Bailin—Where does he get those cigars?
Barnard—All right-angles.
Benedict—I smoke "Camels" and I'm proud of it.
Bien—"Well, I'd like to try adrenalin."
Boyd—Oh, girls, isn't he a darling?
Bretzfelder—"He's funnier than he looks."
Brooks—"What potency do you use?"
Carmody—The secretary of the A. P. A.
Cohen—"Don't you speak French?"
Colliss—"At the Jewish Maternity, etc., etc.——"
Cummins—High potency man.
Daly—President of the A. P. A.
Ebenstein—Solemn as an owl, empty as a cask.
Elkind—Laziness personified.
Familton—Shoot a nickel—you're loaded.
Fisher—Our blushing one.
Goldberg—"What show will we see?"
Goldstein—"Didn't you break your glasses yet?"
Heinecke—Got any papers; who's got the tobacco; now for a match. No, thanks, I'll smoke it myself.
Hirrschoff—"What will Dr. Howard give us next?"
Jenkins—Well, I must rest.
Kotin—A coming pediatrist.
Kovinski—He lends every man his ear, but few his voice.
Kramer—The guy that put the mistry in Chemistry.
Kranz—I love the ladies.
Kapner—He hath a lean and hungry look.
Laul—"Gee, it's fun riding bus."
Lechner—A lady's man—"My hero."
Lieberman—Will he ever stop talking?
Lyman—"Oh, a mere matter of $12,000."
Maines—"Come on, let's sing."

Morvillo—A grape fruit from Sunny Italy.
Ossip—One of those quiet persons.
Pensak—"What did he say?"
Pangburn—"Well, according to ———."
Recca—Weak in voice only.
Rowell—N. Y. Central, cigarettes and magazines.
Schafmeister—I'm standing at attention.
Schultz—Our Mexican Athlete.
Sengstack—"Let me tell you the funniest story."
Shear—Gosh, what a pair of tonsils can do."
Skladzien—"Now, listen, dear."
Smigel—"Can't I bind your notes for you?"
Snyder—" 'Member the 'old days,' Rodney?"
Sternberg—For $5.00 a State Board Book *free.*
Teahan—He constructs artificial lakes in the Senior lecture room.
Tiktinsky—A stranger in a strange land.
Ward—A tough guy from the country.
Weinman—Talks little, says much.
Williams—"If I catch the guy who spit in this sink."
Wood—The price of drugs has gone up.
Zornow—He'd be a "Castle" if practice could do it.



Benedict Library

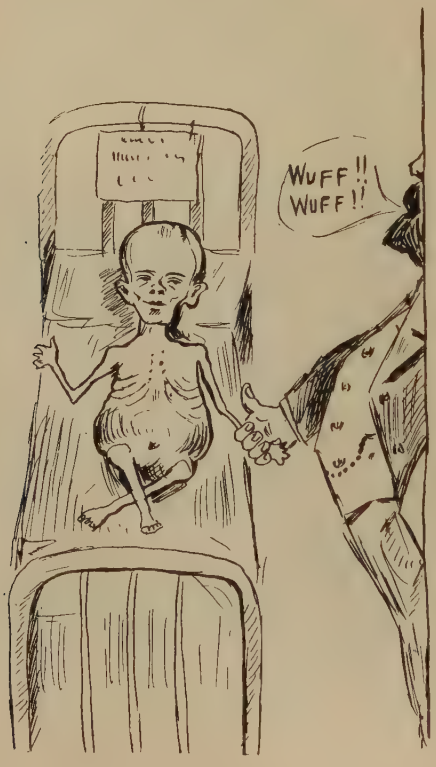
Superlatives

BY

JAMES R. BOYD, CLASS OF 1917.

Aquilar—The most diplomatic.
Almer—The most conservative.
Bailin—The most "Athletic."
Barnard—The most self-conscious.
Benedict—The best sleeper.
Bien—The most "experienced."
Boyd—The best pianist.
Bretzfelder—The most corpulent.
Carmody—The most doubtful.
Cohen—The smallest giant in the world.
Cummins—The most dignified.
Daly—The most Thirsty.
Ebenstein—The most absent.
Familton—The most unlucky.
Fisher—The most eager.
Goldberg—The most frequent visitor at the Colonial.
Goldstein—The most business-like.
Heinecke—The most eager for knowledge.
Hirrschoff—The most nervous.
Jenkins—The most often late.
Kotin—The best butter-in.
Kovinski—The quietest.
Kramer—The most learned.
Kranz—The most tidy.
Kapner—The most reverend.
Laul—The most lanky.
Lechner—The most flashy.
Lieberman—The most loquacious.
Lyman—The niftiest.
Maines—The most versatile.
Morvillo—The most studious.
Ossip—The most Jewish.
Pensak—The most useless.

Pangburn—The most reserved.
Recca—The best mixer.
Rowell—The most travelled.
Schafmeister—The most patriotic.
Schultz—The most windy.
Shear—The most penetrating (X-ray).
Skladzien—The most easily offended.
Sengstack—The most snobby.
Smigel—The most socialistic.
Snyder—The most practical joker.
Sternberg—The most annoying.
Teahan—The tallest.
Tiktinsky—The shortest.
Ward—The most unpolished.
Weinmann—The most worked.
Williams—The busiest.
Wood—The most helpful.
Zornow—The most developed.



Bacteriologic Reflections

BY

J. H. Benton, A. B.

"Gee, but that is a pretty girl," exclaimed T. B. one day to Strep. "See how her eyes shine and her cheeks glow. My, I would like a chance to spoil her health. Not much use trying, though."

"You can never tell, T. B. I have seen some mighty healthy looking girls that proved to be easy marks. Let's try our luck anyway."

"Agreed," replied T. B., and without more ado they stepped on a good sized dust mote, that chanced to be riding by on the breeze, and "vol-planed" into the pretty girl's fragrant, wholesome room. Settling down they looked around.

"No use, Strep," said T. B., "just look at her. Digestion perfect, elimination perfect, circulation perfect, tooth brush, disinfectant gargles, bath room, punching bag, window open, room full of oxygen; what show do we stand?"

"You may be right, T. B.," replied Streptococcus, "but be patient."

There was a knock at the door of the pretty girl's room and a colored maid entered bringing with her a large box of candy. Streptococcus nudged his companion.

"What do you know about that, T. B.? Never worry too soon."

T. B. nodded eagerly, "Looks good to me," he admitted.

"Just so," replied J. Streptococcus.

The pretty girl loved candy. At the time the gift arrived she was reading a novel. Opening the box she curled up in her easy chair, read, and ate chocolates; many more chocolates than she realized she was eating. After a time she sighed, closed the book and stood up.

"My," she said, looking at the candy box, "I didn't know I had eaten so many. Well, I don't believe they will make me sick. I think it will do me good to take a walk."

When she left the room J. B. S. nudged T. B. "Now's the

time," he said, and away they floated. They hovered over the candy box and then carefully alighted on a fine chocolate marshmallow.

"Watch and prey," quoted J. Streptococcus, "et nous arrivons tout le meme."

When the girl returned she stopped by the table. "I will eat only one more," she said, and picked up the chocolate marshmallow. In another minute J. Streptococcus and T. B. found themselves on one of the smoothest, pinkest, prettiest little tonsils imaginable.

"Fine, fine," said J. B., "all we have to do is to hide and wait. That candy will help us in our business. It's beginning to work already. I know the signs."

The girl walked over and closed the window.

"Good again," said J. B. S., "now that darned oxygen won't bother. She has shut that out. Hold up your head, T. B. We are in luck. She's going to have a chill, I know; digestion disturbed, elmination obstructed, circulation impeded. I see my chance to get busy without going another step; and if I don't make a place for you, T. B., then the Kaiser's a humanitarian."

The next day father called in Dr. Swabman. He prescribed great doses of calomel and fine flushings of salts, together with swabbings with silver nitrate and spraying with argyrol.

"Oh, dear, what a nasty mess," groaned the poor girl.

J. B. Strep. and T. B. laughed uproariously and slapped each other on the back, as the different prescriptions sailed by their stronghold. Then the pretty girl's mother asserted herself. J. B. heard her say, "I don't care, I'm going to call Dr. Potentizer."

J. B. glanced at T. B. "Hear what she said?" he queried.

T. B. nodded. "Guess we'll have to look up new quarters."

"I won't do it, responded J. B. I have run away from those little pills before, but this time I am going to fight. You stay by me and I'll show you."

Dr. Potentizer came solemnly into the room. "He," said he, looking into the aching throat, "streptococcus! Lord knows what else. We'll get him out first at any rate."

He wrote down some long funny words on a piece of paper. They were: Lac Caninum, Lachesis, Mercurius Bin-iodide, Rhus Tox., Rumex. Then the doctor looked sternly in the girl's eyes:

"When you cough, do you have any sensation as of a bark escaping from a dog?"

The girl shook her head. The doctor, with a decisive stroke of his pencil, crossed out "Lac Caninum." Again his spectacled glance held the girl's attention.

"Have you had any sensations as of snakes crawling in at your ears and striking at your tonsil? Have you at any time felt the slightest idea that your neck was gradually changing into a thermometer?"

"No," replied the girl.

The doctor nodded sagely, crossing out Lac Caninum, Lachesis and Merc. Bin. "Do you feel as though some one was tickling your larynx with a feather?"

"Exactly, doctor. It is unbearable."

The doctor, his face glowed with triumph, placed two bottles of pills on the table at the bedside.

"Rhus Tox.," said he, "and Rumex are indicated. Rhus Tox. to-night, every hour; Rumex to-morrow, every hour. I will call again to-morrow. Good-night."

J. Bacterium Streptococcus poked T. B. in the side.

"Listen, T. B.," said he, "pills! What do you know about that! There they go now; three of them. What do we care for them? Believe me, the doctor will have to roll bigger balls than those down the alley before he can knock our pins from under us."

"I should worry," nodded T. B., and they went back to work.

After a while J. Streptococcus called out:

"Say, T. B., I have dug out a fine little pit here. Just the place for you to start housekeeping. Come on over."

T. B. did not reply. Again Streptococcus called. He looked about. There was no doubt about it, T. B. was gone. A shiver crept over J. Streptococcus.

"It couldn't be those confounded little pills," he muttered. "I'll be hanged if I feel just right myself. I won't give up, though. Hello, there come some more of those blasted pills. Another kind, too. Well, I stood calomel and salts and all those sprays and things and I guess I won't let any little 30x's scare me. By gracious, what ails my legs? My feet seem to be slipping. Why, Holy Phagocytes, I'm sick."

J. Bacterium Streptococcus was right. He was sick. The

trip into the wholesome room, into the candy box and down the pretty pink throat had been a fatal trip for the two adventurers. Slowly J. B.'s strength failed and he collapsed. With a last effort he raised himself and looked once more about him.

"Darn Homeopathy!" cursed J. Bacterium Streptococcus bitterly, as he passed into oblivion.

Bacteriologic Labratory

SMART.

DEARBORN.—Ignorant people ask more questions than wise men can answer.

SNYDER—No wonder so many of us flunk out on exams.

UNHEARD OF.

PANGBURN (in amphitheatre)—Has fibrolysin been tried?

DALY (trying hard to hide embarrassment)—Why, no; I don't believe I ever heard of it!

"Hurray! Compensation case in my bed!"

A Bacillary Ball

BY

DANIEL F. CARMODY, CLASS OF 1917.

I.

A gay bacillus, to gain his glory,
Once gave a ball in a laboratory;
The feat took place on a cover glass
Where vulgar germs could not harass.

II.

None but the cultured were invited
(For microbe cliques are well united),
And tightly closed the ball room doors
To all the germs containing spores.

III.

The staphylococci first arrived;
To stand in groups they all contrived.
The streptococci took great pains
To seat themselves in graceful chains.
While somewhat late, and two by two,
The diplococci came in view.
The pneumococci, stern and haughty,
Declared the gonococci naughty,
And would not care to stay at all
If they were present at the ball.

IV.

The ball began, the mirth ran high,
With not one thought of danger nigh.
Each germ enjoyed himself that night
With never fear of phagocyte.

V.

'Twas getting late and some were loaded,
When a jar of formalin exploded,
And drenched the happy dancing mass
That swarmed the fatal cover glass.
Not one survived, but perished all
At this bacteriological ball.

A Medical Sojourn

BY

DANIEL F. CARMODY, CLASS OF 1917.

It was a fine day in summer when Bili Rubin and Bili Verdin closed up the ol-factory and invited their lady friends, Ethyl Alcohol and Bella Donna to accompany them to the Islands of Langerhans, to hear the Great Trochanter speak on the navel question, Bili Rubin, having procured before hand a bundle of His, neatly tied with spinal cord and costing three bones.

Pso-as to get there quickly, they sailed down the Alimentary Canal to McBurney's Point in a blood vessel. On the way down Bili Rubin tried to make Bella Donna believe she was as Cutis Vera, but in vein. She told him he had too much nerve and gall, and to be careful or the Recurrent Tibial would swamp him. Tym-panic had sailed there before and the Recurrent Tibial had Rect-um on the shores of Gall. They went from the Alimentary into Hunter's Canal. Ethyl Alcohol was reading a very humerus book, entitled the "Trail of the Lonesome Spine," by Mi-crobe. Bili Verdin remarked he was green at sailing, but not as yellow as Bili Rubin. At the end of Hunter's Canal the bunch left the vessel in the hands of Art-ery to get some Col-on board. They crossed to the Islands of Langerhans on foot via the Pons Varolii. Within a radius of half a mile they could see a great flock of Ducts, the ducts of Lieberkuhn, floating on the peristaltic waves. Lunch was served beneath a Shed of Tears, away from the Solar Rays. Here was served cold shoulder, hot tongue on platelets, with Wharton's Jelly and the White Substance of Schwann with Heart Beat Salad.

After luncheon, Bili Rubin strolled away to get some of Adam's Apples. Meanwhile the remainder of the party picked berries from Peyer's Patches. They fancied they heard the eye-balls and the verte-bræ and became much afraid. However, by taking a Glisson's Capsule, they became quite stern-um. Afterward they found out that the noise was music from the Ilio-Tibial band, mawling along the Spiral Line to meet the Great Trochanter, who had sailed to the Island in a Lymph Vessel,

propelled by the Oculo-Motor. The Great Trochanter, having pointed out the Vas-deferens between the two navel policies, told about his tryps-in Teres Minor with Sartorius; he spoke about the Pacchionian bodies buried in the pyramids of Malphigii and the Temple built in the reign of Gluteus Maximus. The picnic was much disturbed by Rolando and Sylvius, fissures by trade, who had been down to Glenoid, a tough joint, and got stewed.

The Nerve of Bell was shown when he looped the Loops of Henle. Some of the party rode bronchi up and down the race tracts of Gall and Burdach; others watched the ce-cum in on the shore. The youngsters enjoyed the leuko- and lymphocytes, and heard their Pa-Tell-a story. After consulting the auricles, they went home. Now Bili Verdin is in the Central Acini Cells, breaking Gall Stones for insulting the Great Omentum. Alas! Poor Bili Rubin, he tryps-in the ol-factory and loses his toes. It must be unfortunate to lac-tose.

Barnard: "I am not very muscular but awfully wiry."

In order to make a diagnosis of laceration caused by a baby carriage running over child's hand, Barnard had to see the baby carriage. What would you do, Nellie, we ask, if the kid was stung by a bee?

Wood: "His parents died in infancy."

Hasbrouck Clinical Laboratory

Somewhere in Sixty-Third Street

BY

William J. Snyder, Class of 1917.

We, the Rankin File of the Alumni, lay in the first line trench awaiting the command to charge. We could see on the horizon of the fast fading day, on the summit of Anson Hill, a House with Mills on either side, and unmistakingly occupied by the enemy for they wore Helmuths. All was in readiness for the charge, except that sufficient provisions were not provided for, therefore, the quartermaster, Kaufman, called upon the Stewart, the Coleman and the Butler, who advised a Hunt for Lyons, Cranes and Lark-in the Norwood, so it would not be necessary that Philip Cook Thomas, but being Rank-in aim and having mostly empty Chambers the catch was Schmal.

Our dear old General Danforth had just explained the mechanism of our expected advance when von Bonnewitz sounded the rectal bugle call but Freddy interrupted, saying he wished to whisper in my pearly white ear, the substance of which was that if we were to obey the commands of General Loomis it would be a Dearborn delivery into the hands of our foes. As the last roll was being called, the brave men of the first line stood with faces White and Ashley, and at the sound of cannon Simonson was scared and acted like a baby; Dearborn said he would not play, because it was a skin game. Charley McDowell said, "Ah, nobody knows why we go forth. Butler yelled, "I am the great Napoleon," and said he saw a Halfman Barrow-ing his head in Hill and whistling national Ayres. Copeland could not see this nor could George McDowell hear it. Heitzmann said this occurred not infrequently, so Rabe suggested giving them the millionth potency, but Percy said it was not DeNyse thing to do, so Wilson yelled with Stearn and Swift voice, so as not to be Maeder Kidder of that most of us were cut off at the front, so we should "Bingham," that's all.

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH!!
COME ONE COME ALL
HILL
WONDERFUL A NEW "ACT" PULLING THE ROLL
DEARBORN AND WITHINGTON "THE SKIN-FLINTS" 17TH YEAR AND STILL POPULAR
SIMONSON
BRING THE CHILDREN!!
HIS ACT WILL HELP THEM GROW
KETCH 'EM IN JAN
KETCH 'EM IN MAY
HELMUTH AND KAUFMAN "THE KNIFE HURLERS"
A DEATH DEFYING ACT
STEWART AND AYERS
THE LADIES FAVORITES
LAIDLAW
THE MYSTERIOUS
IN HIS
GASTRICK
WHATEVER GOES DOWN MUST COME UP DEFYING THE LAWS OF GRAVITY
DR MCMICHAEL
NO CURE
NO PAY
WE REMOVE YOUR TUBERCLES
LET US DO YOUR CUTTING
DE NYSE AND CO.
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R. Spencer Familton, John Pangburn,
F. Fay Williams, Jr., J. Louis Sengstack.

Metropolitan Hospital

Frank A. Bien, Walter Heinecke,
Leo J. Ward.

Hahnemann Hospital, N. Y. City

James R. Boyd, Adfur E. Maines.

Cumberland Street Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Peter W. Skladzien, Philip Tiktinsky.

Hahnemann Hospital, Rochester, N. Y.

Archie Benedict, Harold E. Shear,
John Weinmann, Jr.

St. Joseph's Hospital, Yonkers, N. Y.

A. A. Daly.

Ann May Memorial, Spring Lake, N. Y.

Daniel F. Carmody.

Utica Homœopathic Hospital, Utica, N. Y.

Harold A. Lyman.

Albany Homœopathic Hospital, Albany, N. Y.

John Schafmeister.

Montreal Homœopathic Hospital, Montreal, Can.

Roscoe W. Teahan.

North Hudson Hospital, Weehawken, N. J.

William J. Snyder.

Stamford Hospital, Stamford, Conn.

Rodney Rowell.

St. Mary's Hospital, Passaic, N. J.

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St. Mary's Hospital, Jamaica, L. I.

Wm. Lieberman.

Manhattan Maternity Hospital, New York
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Jewish Maternity, N. Y.
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BARNET ELKIND, MAX PENSAK.

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Zion Hospital, N. Y.
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Philanthropin Hospital, Montreal, Can.
MICHAEL SCHULTZ.

Provident Hospital, Chicago, Ill.
ARTHUR E. BROOKS.

Rochester Homœopathic Hospital
MAURICE A. BARNARD, FRANK A. ZORNOW.

JUST AMONG FRIENDS.*

"Whadawehave at one o'clock?"

Dr. Williams—There's my prescription. I can't imagine how you made that mistake putting it up.

Druggist—Humph! I must have mixed your signature in with the other ingredients.

Too stormy to go to the Island to-day.

Patient—Doctor, what I need is something to stir me up, to put me in fighting trim. Did you put anything like that in the prescription?

Doctor—No, you'll find that in the bill.

Anybody got a "MILLS?"

Familton doing a vaginal, both hands in the vagina.

Goldstein (watching)—Say, Familton, is this the case of Atresia Vaginæ?

Familton—"....." (Censored by the Health Dept.)

Ebenstein, with all the confidence in the world, looks for the clitoris in the posterior cul-de-sac.

Prof. Dearborn—Calendula is good for Fishers.

Rough Student—Conium is the best; it paralyzes from the ground up and he's dead from the neck up.

"Can't seem to get comfortable here."

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*Edited by "Jimmy" Boyd, class of 1917.

DR. STEWART (quizzing Cohen on operation of a case in clinic)—What was done for this case?

COHEN (thinking medically)—Two C. C. pills, and you could have given colocynth for the pain.

"Has anybody discovered where the Children's Clinic is?"

FOOTING THE BILL.

Mr. Newman had just recovered from an operation, and was talking to a friend. "The surgeon," he remarked, "said he'd have me on my feet again in three weeks."

"Well, he did, didn't he?" asked the friend.

"He did, indeed," responded Mr. Newman, "I had to sell my motor car to pay his bill."'

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

Grandma died of dread T. B.
Still her dear old face we see
In the papers every day,
Praising good old Doctor Slay.
Telling how he cured her ills
With his Pulmonary Pills.

Uncle Grover had a liver;
Now he's crossed the shining river.
Every day we gaze upon
Uncle's features, though he's gone.
"Leecher's Pads I WORE," says Grover,
"Now my days of pain are over."

"Hey! Get off the benches. Here comes Hill."

"Is he an eye doctor? I thought he was a chiropodist."

"He used to be. He began at the bottom and worked up."

"He couldn't pay the cab driver, and was locked up in default of a $5 fine."

"I see," said the amateur forecaster, "fare unsettled, fine, followed by cooler."

NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY.

LADY CUSTOMER—"I would like a pound of sulfur. How much is it?"

DRUGGIST—"Fifteen cents a pound."

LADY CUSTOMER—"I can get it for ten cents across the street."

DRUGGIST—"I know it, madam; and there is a place where you can get it for nothing."

A NEW ONE.

PROFESSOR—What is "hysterectomy?"
STUDENT—The space between the rectum and the bladder.

KAPNER—Did they give that laxative internally "oder" externally?

"Hey! It's twenty after."

LADY PATIENT—Doctor, my boy was run over by a bicycle.
PANGBURN (after a careful examination)—Pardon, madam, but are you sure it wasn't an aeroplane?

"Gosh, did you notice that break in technique."

GOLDSTEIN (in obstetrical clinic)—The uterus is an organ sometimes used in reproduction.

"Did he call the roll?"

SCHULTZ—Doctor, I can't seem to make out the fœcal heart.

IN-DOOR SPORTS.

Investigating the wards.
Nursing a tired feeling.
Doing urines.
Officiating at pre-med elections.
Operating the Bull.
Resting.

HOW SAD.

A druggist sold some powder good for bugs,
But the man he must have lied.
The powder wasn't good for bugs at all;
The poor little bugs all died.

AIN'T THAT THE TRUTH.

One hundred years ago to-day,
When wilderness was here;
With powder in his gun the man
Went out and got the deer.
But now the thing is changed—
And on another plan—
With powder on her cheeks
The "dear" goes after the man.

THE DOCTOR.

I.

There is a doctor in our town
Who's won a just and loyal crown;
He's busy always, night and day,
Prescribes he only for the pay;
And patients gathered by the score,
Are waiting round his office door.

II.

The doctor, fair as one can be,
Perhaps has gone his mines to see,
Or where his farms of golden wheat
Attract his eye, so fair to meet;
And all the patients as before,
Still waiting round his office door.

Staying out of Hill's way.
Playing proctologist up the stairs.
Opening the lab. door without a key.
Reading the Journal in the lab.
Trying the benches in the hall.
Sliding out of Swift.

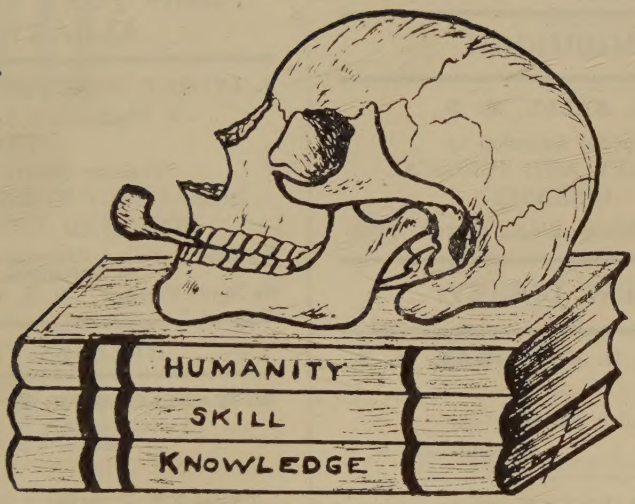
'Whose gonna answer for "Schaf."

APPENDICITIS.

Seeds of apples; irritation;
Bad bacilli; inflammation.
Castor oil in double doses;
Pain on right side; diagnosis;
Ambulance; scrub; anesthetic;
Mental blank; effect emetic;
Blue clad nurses; change of dressing;
Liquid diet; convalescing.
Visitors at certain hours,
Sympathy, books, figs and flowers;
Everything then lovely till
One receives the doctor's bill.

F. A. B.

"If through these pages, thou hast searched in vain,
And now rejoice for finding not thy name —
Though we've not roasted, thou'rt a fool to boast,
We could not, for thou wert not worth the roast."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